

Period. Merced County's  
Alternative Music/Art  
'Zine  
Don't miss yours.

Period. 'Zine  
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Period.

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County's Alternative  
Music/Art 'Zine  
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\$1.00 Donation

Period.

Period.  
July 2003

That's it.

In Merced County  
and the surrounding area

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Warning:

This publication may contain views or opinions that could be considered offensive to some people. These do not necessarily reflect the views or opinions of the staff and committee members of Period.

## Editor's Note



Dear Readers,

As the submissions keep rolling in, I would just like to remind everyone that the deadline is the 15th of each month in order to get it into the next issue.

Seeing that June was a very long and sad month for many of us, I was only able to obtain a few show performance dates, which I will put here now. For a great site on *Love Your Productions* productions, please visit [loveyourproductions.com](http://loveyourproductions.com).

#### July Shows

July 4th, 2003- Knack Knock, The Rev, Jaglet, Prawler

12:30 pm Ralston Park, Atwater CA

July 5th, 2003- Talus, Prowler

9:00 pm Papa Dew's Pub, Atwater CA

July 7th, 2003- The Frenchmen, Jaglet

9:00 pm Papa Dew's Pub, Atwater CA

July 17th, 2003— *Love Your Productions*... Picastra, Herman Dune, Mon Petit Chou, Thee More Shallows

Mainzer Theater, Merced, CA

July 19th, 2003— *Love Your Productions*... Bardo Pond

Mainzer Theater, Merced, CA

Once again, thank you for reading. Take care of each other.

-Cherry Cruz

### *The Staff And Committee of Period.*

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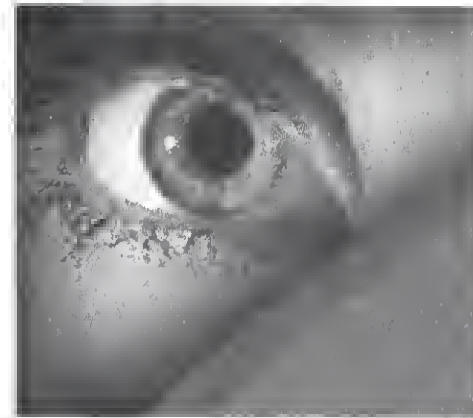
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M. Delta, Adrian Garcia, Anne Infamous, Goldia Clinton, Erika Fowler, Garbaony, KARUKA, George Killiveros, Miss Twilight, Ted Munoz, P. Raymond, Stumptin, TabeDawg

Period. Period. Period. Period. Period. Period. Period. Period. Period. Period.



### *Mainzer Theater*

#### New Hours & Days

Thursday - Saturday

Opens 5:00 pm

Sundays

Opens 1:30 pm

### Ms. Consumer Says... (One lady's opinion on stuff to try)

#### *Whiskey Sour*

This month's lucky subject... my \$3 wander... A whiskey sour from the Trail's End. This drink, mixed with the atmosphere that only the Trail's could serve up, ensured a good time, every time.

Ice cold at first sip, the tangy little lady quickly transitioned to an exhilarating warmth as she found her way down. The bartenders at the Trail's End all

did a fine job serving this drink, although I have to note, when Rick was behind the bar you knew it was coming in one of the larger glasses with a couple of cherries on top! Thank you, Rick!

Now, you can find this drink at just about any bar you visit, but I guess it was all about drinking a whiskey sour while experiencing the random happenings that you would stumble upon on any given night down at the Trail's that made this drink so magical.

(Rick, thank you so much for being such a beautiful, open-minded, compassionate, magical man. I love you, and you will be missed.)



-Jen Steele

## Opinions/Views

### Question to Period.

okay, I have a question and it will take a forum of women to answer. "haw does in Internal combustion engine work???" I heard it was from little magic elves. Is tha right???

-Steve

Dear Steve,

Thank you for your time and interest in writing to Period. Although we are not magical elves, we hope our explanation will suffice without you having to take a trip to Fantasy Island.

An internal combustion engine is one in which combustion of the fuel takes place in a confined space, producing expanding gases that are used directly to provide mechanical power. If you put a tiny amount of high-energy fuel (like gasoline) in a small, enclosed space and ignite it, an incredible amount of

energy is released in the form of expanding gas. A device called a piston is connected to the crank shaft by a connecting rod. This is what happens as the engine goes through its cycle:

The piston starts at the top, the intake valve opens, and the piston moves down to let the engine take in a cylinder-full of air and gasoline. This is the intake stroke. Only the tiniest drop of gasoline needs to be mixed into the air for this to work. Then the piston moves back up to compress this fuel/air mixture. Compression makes the explosion more powerful.

When the piston reaches the top of its stroke, the spark plug emits a spark to ignite the gasoline. The gasoline charge in the cylinder explodes, driving the piston down. Once the piston hits the bottom of its stroke, the exhaust

valve opens and the exhaust leaves the cylinder to go out the tail pipe. Now the engine is ready for the next cycle, so it intakes another charge of air and gas.

There are many wonderful websites where you can learn more about internal combustion engines, such as [howstuffworks.com](http://howstuffworks.com), [infoplease.com](http://infoplease.com) and [inventors.about.com](http://inventors.about.com).

I hope this answers your question, and in the future we'd be more than willing to help you to learn the inner workings of spell check as well.

-Period.

### I hate that I'm writing this....

I hate that I'm writing this. I hate the anger and sadness around me. I hate that it keeps me awake. I hate that when I do finally sleep, I don't want to wake up. I hate that my whole world changed. I hate that there is violence in the world. I hate that it touched me. I hate that I was there. I hate that it can't be changed. I hate talking about it. I hate not talking about it. Most of all, I

hate that it happened.

I can't believe that I knew Rick for only five months.

It is amazing that a person can become such a part of your life; that you feel that they have just always been there. Rick not only supported the CCC and this very 'zine, but he also was really committed to supporting the local music scene. Every

week he was lending a helping hand (and ice, and tables, and chairs) to the Jaglet Nacho Booth for Farmer's Market because he just wanted to help support in whatever way he could. He would always tell me how proud he was of his daughter Ricki because she is an awesome bass player and how important music was to support.

(Continued on page 4)



On the cover:

Photo taken from vigil on 6/19/03 at the Trail's End.

## In Short

### I hate that I'm writing this....

(Continued from page 3)

And then there was the shaw that unfortunately was never to be.

Damn....let me tell you how excited he was to hear Jaglet and especially the Gynas from Sacramento. Personally, I think he just liked to say Gynas because

he'd get this Impish look in his eye... and say their name again. We had been planning this night for months and I can't believe that it never happened.

I can't believe that we had to play for Rick at his memorial.

It's hard to tell you of how much of a void he has left, he really impacted a n d touched a lot of people. So many people have a p - praached me, wanting to tell me stories, wanting to

know if they could do anything, etc. People really respected Rick because as long as you showed respect to him, the bar, and his customers, you were welcome. He didn't care what you looked like, how you dressed or whatever...he just wanted respect and in doing so created a wonderful place where all felt welcome and safe.

I have no words of wisdom, nor do I have any "we'll get through this together", or "time will heal all wounds". At this point, I am still angry and floundering in the day to day details of life. I understand that this happens and that it is a part of life, but I also refuse to believe that it couldn't have



## In Poetry

### The Child is Me

My Despair closed the Door  
To your undying love and your  
Sincere Heart  
Tears frozen in stillness  
as I watch you walk away  
a tightened throat, numb limbs  
fail me...mute me  
from saying STAY!!  
Crying from the inside, feeling  
like a dam about to burst  
fear of the hurt  
outside my custom built walls  
Courage that runs dry  
Life Sans Adventure  
Clutching a chapter not yet written  
a heart eaten away  
Dark, Cold, Grounded  
Maybe it's better this way  
Accepting laughter, joy, love  
Deploys the pain yet to be  
Living in Solitude or should  
it be dying there  
Today will be better  
the sky speaks to me  
the sun envelopes me  
a once lost child smiles  
at me as my smile breaks  
Free

By Erika Fowler

*This is a reprint of the poem from the very first issue of Period. Sorry for the misprint, Erika!*



## In Poetry

### Infinite Swirls

I try to take life one day at a time,  
Making sure not to take things for granted.  
Poems shouldn't always rhyme.

Emotions, memories, --the wave of life.  
Experience it while it is there--NOW--  
Because when it is gone, it will not return,  
but memories of emotions are internal--Eternal.

Souls can be seen through one's eyes,  
Constant yet constantly growing and learning.  
Life serves a purpose, yet it will not be revealed,  
Until the soul is prepared for the change.

Time is short, yet seems long at times.  
But time is transcendental.  
Time is only a concept,  
Accuracy is a human flaw.

The bad times will pass,  
and so will the good.  
--But what is time anyway;  
When one's soul lives forever.

A constant now.

-KAruka

## In Short

I hate that I'm writing this...

been pre-  
vented. I'm  
not talking  
about  
pointing  
fingers or  
galing  
through the  
survivor's  
guilt, which  
I'm sure all  
of us who  
were there  
that night  
have gone  
through. I  
am talking

about the bigger  
problem...the "what  
can we do to prevent  
this from happening  
to the next father,  
friend, acquaintance  
or stranger?"

I am in no way a  
great or gifted writer,  
but for some reason  
here I am sharing with  
you the heart ache



that I feel because  
Rick's death was so  
senseless and it leaves  
me in a precarious  
position of becoming  
bitter. I don't want to  
be bitter. I want to  
believe that by shar-  
ing emotions cre-  
atively we can not only  
bring people to-  
gether, but can possi-  
bly have an impact on  
someone out there.

I see-saw back and  
forth between denial,  
disbelief, anger, and  
pain, but I will never  
forget Rick and so I  
must be content to  
cherish the time that I  
had with him and sup-  
port others the way  
that he supported us.

-Kelly Emerich

# Letters to Rick

## In Short

Rick,

I've been putting this off for too long. I suppose it has something to do with not having the right words to say. Or knowing that I will not receive a response. I could say that I wish I had thanked you for everything but I think I did. I think you know how much we appreciate all that you have done for us.

Still, I would like to thank you personally for one conversation you and I had. In addition to all of the help you offered the 'zine and the bond, you also took time for the individual. I think I had only known you for a month, maybe two. It was the worst day of my life. The

day my mother was diagnosed with cancer for the second time. I come to your bar to meet with friends. To find solace and comfort. To escape. You poured me a draft beer, asked why I looked so down, I explained. You offered a story of your own. It was so personal. And you were a person I hardly knew. But at that moment, I adopted you. As a friend, a father figure, whatever. You made me smile, gave me hope on a day when I thought it was all too impossible. I respected you and continue to. If that had been the only conversation we had ever had, I would have felt blessed to have known you. Being that we had many

conversations that followed, I cannot express how thankful I am. But I think you know. And I know that there are so many others who've shared moments with you who feel the same way I do. We will never forget.

Thank you, Rick. You are missed.

Love,  
Kondace

## Cuisine Art

### Miss Twilight Presents...



1/3 jigger lemon juice

Shake well with ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass; garnish with lemon wedges.

#### Suffering Bitch

1 jigger light rum

1 jigger dark rum

1 tablespoon curacao

1/4 teaspoon superfine sugar

1 lime, sliced in half

Place ingredients except lime halves in shaker. Squeeze lime juice into shaker. Shake well with ice. Pour into glass.

Garnish with spent lime and cucumber peel.

#### Hair of the Dog

1 1/2 jiggers Scotch

1/2 jigger heavy cream

1 tablespoon honey

Shake well with ice and strain into cocktail glass.

"On the question of youth and old age, I wouldn't trade my future for anyone's I know." - Johnny Cash

Good Night My Loves,

Miss Twilight

Between The Sheets

1/2 jigger brandy

1/2 jigger light rum

1/2 jigger Cointreau or triple sec

Some of the songs written by other artists that appear on the album are *Solitary Man* by Neil Diamond, *The Mercy Seat* by Nick Cave and Mick Harvey, *Hurly* by Trent Reznor, *Personal Jesus* by Martin Gore, and many more. One of my personal favorites is / See *A Darkness* written by Will Oldham. The songs on this album mirror a man and his searching and acceptance of the purpose of life and



## Cuisine Art

### Miss Twilight Presents...

#### Cocktails with Cash



##### Rusty Nail

3/4 jigger Scotch

3/4 jigger Drambuie

Pour over ice cubes in glass, stir well. Same die-hards will pour Drambuie in first, floating Scotch on top.

Shake well with ice; strain into cocktail glass and garnish with a slice of orange.

##### Black Watch

1 jigger Scotch

1/2 jigger Kahlua

Club soda

Pour Scotch and Kahlua over ice into a glass; add soda and stir gently; garnish with leman twist. Soda may be left out completely if desired.

The recently released Jahnnny Cash- American IV: The Man Comes Around is the fourth in the American Recordings series produced by Rick Rubin and Jahnnny Cash.

The first of the four albums was done in 1994 entitled American Recordings. The second album, Unchained, was recorded in 1996. The third album, American III: Solitary Man, was released in 2000. Through many trials and tribulations Cash finished the recordings and has given a beautiful story for us to enjoy!

##### Orange Comfort

3/4 jigger Southern Comfort

1/3 jigger anisette

1/3 jigger orange juice

1/3 jigger leman juice

So I found myself out on a Saturday night with friends at the Kibitz Room in Hollywood, listening to Jahnnny Cash and enjoying the "Wedding Cake" the bartender had so kindly sent over for me to try, and I knew I had to share the experience with the readers of Period Zine. (Quick note: A Wedding Cake is Vanilla Stall and gingerale, it tastes like the vanilla icing from a wedding cake!) The recently released American Recordings of Jahnnny Cash are phenomenal and I would like to share them and some cocktails with you, cowboys and girls!

## In Short

### Letters to Rick

Rick,

I am sorry you are gone from this world, just when I was getting to know you. It [is] sad and wrong that you are not here to greet us with your smiling face and kind words at The Troil's End any longer or due to the stupidity of blind violence.

I am ongrly and sad that this person (?) felt they had something to prove and took your thoughtful soul from this world, from your family and friends.

You were so supportive of our Zine and you didn't have to be so kind, but you were and that meant the

world to me. You were a rare person, definitely unique, and we found you in an unexpected place, The Troil's End.

Rest In Peace and know we will never forget you....

A. Dubois



"hand" by Adrian Garcia



Poem for Rick

A blessed human being lives  
A heart that continues to beat  
A pure, unselfish, loving heart  
Pounding in the chest  
of o stronger

And we know there is  
at least one other person  
somewhere out there

Whose heart is pure

The memory of o peaceful

Whose heart is unselfish

and tender man

Force unforgotten forever

Whose heart is loving

Living in the hearts of

time without end

Because the rhythm of your

heart carries on

In that solitary one

And in us.

And in us.

And in us.

How fortunate he was

We love and miss you, Rick.

And touched so much

And how fortunate we are

To have known and loved

And been touched by him

-Cherry

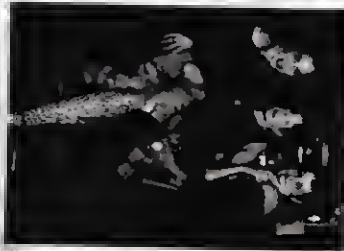
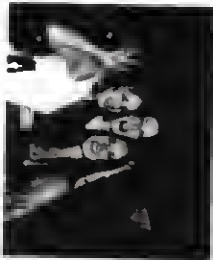
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

80's party

Location: Papa Dew's on May 30, 2003

Photos by Kerney

Photo Collage by Katarrella





## In Music

### What the heck is Karaoke?

*On 06/24/03, the Committee for Creative Consciousness held their first ever Karaoke Jam at The Studio Lounge in Atwater, in an effort to raise funds towards the cost of printing of the very 'zine you now hold.*

Maybe you're wandering, "What the heck is Karaoke?" According to the fine folks at [www.karaoke.com](http://www.karaoke.com):

*"Karaoke is a Japanese abbreviated compound word which translates roughly as 'empty orchestra.' 'Kara' comes from 'karappo' meaning empty, and 'oke' is the abbreviation of 'okesutura', or orchestra. Karaoke is used to describe any sing-a-long track which displays lyrics on a TV or video screen. Usually, a music disc consists of vocals and accompaniment."*

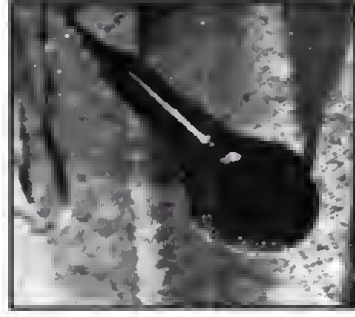
Karaoke originated in Japan but soon became a pan-Asian pop-culture phenomenon, occurring in bars, nightclubs, airport lounges, and even toxicab\$. Eventually, it made its way to the United States, and into our own neighborhoods.

For a non-performing type person, Karaoke may be their chance to break out of their daily routine and put their otherwise hidden talents to use. Or maybe you are able to imitate a particular vocalist and need a venue other than your shower to showcase it in? My friends, this is your opportunity to let it rip. Even the most loded of individuals are guaranteed to have an ear-to-ear grin while enjoying renditions of your favorite (and maybe not-so-favorite) tunes as performed by our friends and neighbors, as well as the occasional star-turn by one of our local music scene's own, hamming it up for your amusement.

For those locals in the know, Atwater's **The Studio Lounge** happens to be a splendid place for karaoke, and of course was the CCC's first choice of location for this event. Awards were presented for the best and most original performances, and everyone involved agreed that it was a great way to raise money for as well as awareness of Periad.

Here's looking forward to next year's!

-George Kiliveras



In Memory Of  
**Richard John Freitas**  
**"Rick"**  
 Age 54  
 May 25, 1949 - June 15, 2003



## In Short

### SUICIDE AND IT'S AFTERMATH

It took me a long time to be able to write down how I feel about being a victim of suicide. Not once but twice. And it is a touchy subject that people just easily dismiss. But not me, I live with it's aftermath everyday.

One day, when I was 13 years old, I sat in the family room of my mom's house and had a very vivid and disturbing dream; while I was awake, I saw my father lying in a casket. A week later, my mother came early to school to get me. The nun escorted her to my classroom. When I saw the look on her face I knew it couldn't be good. It wasn't. My mother was silent during the car ride home. But I wouldn't let the silence stay. So I started naming off names of who it could be, who died, who was ill. She just looked at me and said that my sister was waiting at the house and needed to tell me something important.

God how the car ride was so long, but we only lived a few minutes from the school. But we finally got to our destination and I tore out of the car before it even stopped. As I opened the door to the house, the heavy door that took everything in me to open, I saw again another look. But this time it was on a tear stained face which belonged to my sister. She said through tears, "Sweetie, I need to tell you something and it's going to be really hard for you to hear."

Windied and wailing, she dealt me the life changing low blow. My father had committed suicide that morning. He had shot himself. I never thought a body could crumble to the floor as mine did at that moment. And the tears never stopped. I wanted to fucking die myself. I was daddy's little girl. Now who would be my daddy.

I sat there in a corner not wanting anyone to touch me or talk to me for a long time. I

kept thinking, how could I do this to him. I saw him dead lost week. And days before that we argued and I told him I hated him. Oh God, I didn't mean to wish him away. Please bring him back. But that didn't and couldn't happen.

The family acted ridiculous. We went over to dad's house to discuss what was to come next. To prepare to put him in the ground. And the worst thing they could do that day happened then, they argued. They argued over who gets what and did it in the room where he took his last breath. So me, as a child was morred even more as I sat on the couch across from the blood stained carpet where my dad layed before the coroner took him from me forever.

Days went by like minutes and finally the funeral was here. People hugged me and said sorry but I was in a daze. I didn't want to hear I'm sorry

## In Music

### Rock the Vote

also possessed a sense of momentum and integrity.

\*\*\*The Issues Don't Affect Me?\*

This is one of the most dangerous misinformations in a democracy. When was the last time you or someone close to you was sick and had to go to the doctor? Did they have health insurance or did they have to pay the bill? Do you have a job? What type of job is it? Do you feel you are getting paid enough for the type of work that you do? Are you a college student? What about those tuition fees? What about your drinking water? What about your Grandparents? Will they be taken care of when they retire? Okay maybe you are in the military.. What about those veterans programs and benefits? What about that "War on Terror"?.. If you are a parent or plan to be a parent, what about the future for your children?

On the other side of the coin there was Texas Billianaire H Ross Perot who ran as an Independent and threw a wrench in the 1992 Election. Perot appealed to the moderate Republicans and right-leaning Democrats who were disillusioned with the direction of the Republican party which at the time had moved too far to the right for even the right wing. Perot also DIDN'T receive as much of the vote as he needed to, but he

difference with Ralph Nader is that he was attempting to attract voters who otherwise wouldn't vote to actually go out and VOTE in 2000, especially disillusioned Democrats and younger voters. The Green Party pushes the platform of things like affordable health care, a livable wage, and civil liberties. Nader knew that he wasn't going to win the Presidency in 2000. The objective was to get 5 % of the vote. Unfortunately, although he campaigned tough and with integrity, Nader DIDN'T receive the 5 percent. (\*\*OPINION ALERT\*\* an aside note, despite many misconceptions by some in the Democratic Party, it WASN'T Nader who cost Gore the Election. It was Al Gore that cost Al Gore the election.. but that's an entirely different issue -- Please Note: I Voted for Gore).

These are all issues that can be decided by the Power of the Voter. Watch the propositions, listen and read about the candidates and Go out and VOTE. Of course, Don't let it stop there. After you Vote, pick up a newspaper, go on the internet or watch the News and see if the Candidate is following through on the ideals

that convinced you to elect them in the first place. I know, I know it all seems overly complex and boring, especially in our modern society where the concern is more about who won this year's "American Idol" or who "The Bachelor" picked, but you can find entertaining ways to catch up on the News and Events. CNN Headline News is keeping their news down to 30 Minutes and making an attempt to appeal to the younger demographic with their newscasts. If CNN, which is owned by AOL-Time Warner is "too liberal" for some of you, why not check out the FOX "News" Channel. They present the news in a pretty entertaining way. "Fair and Balanced" is their slogan. Their owner Rupert Murdoch believes so much in "Fair and Balanced" News that he is making a movie about President Bush that will air September of 2004, just in time for the 2004 elections.

\*\*\*Get Started Now

The 2004 Presidential Election is a year and a half away and the Gray Davis recall election could ALSO be coming soon too.

It's time to get to know and think about the issues now. Just remember you can't make a difference unless you go out and Vote.



## In Music

### Rock the Vote

Over the past couple of months, I've spent some of my Thursday evenings at Farmer's Market. I volunteered at a table that has voter registration and information. The table has provoked a lot of discussion from all different types of viewpoints, which is great. However, there is this feeling of hopelessness and apathy especially amongst the younger people that I have talked to that CAN or HAVE registered to vote, but either don't want to or don't have time to learn more about the issues or candidates or even go out and vote.

Some of the responses I've gotten have been disenfranchisement with the entire voting system in general (After the 2000 Presidential Election Giveaway Sweepstakes I can kind of understand that sentiment) while others don't feel that the issues affect them directly.

•• Does my Vote REALLY count?

Currently there are petitions circulating around the State of California to recall elected Governor Gray Davis who is currently in his 2nd term as "Head of the State". The voice of the voters signing the petitions will determine whether or not Gray Davis

will get "recalled". There are also counter petitions circulating that argue that the effort to recall Gray Davis will cost the State of California millions of dollars. In this case, the petitions and the voters will be ultimate deciding factor in whether or not Gray Davis will keep his job as Governor of California.

Then around election time, there's all those high-end name calling contests that they call "Political Commercials". Most of the Commercials are for or Against Propositions. An example would be: YES on Prop 12 means the State will use 12 million to buy new textbooks for Elementary Schools. We will do this by increasing your sales tax by .25 or 0 percent. A NO vote would be a vote for No New Taxes and oh, yeah... No new Textbooks either.

UNLESS the opposition can find a viable alternative to the proposed Proposition, one that doesn't affect the effect the average taxpayer (at least not as blatantly).

A simple YES or NO vote by the majority of voters that actually VOTE on Election Day can make a difference between Textbooks for children in school or Against an increase in Sales Tax.

•• "Well... The politicians don't care about me"

Well... That's a fairly accurate statement. Politicians are Politicians just like Snakes are Snakes. However some snakes are NOT as poisonous as other ones.

In the case of politicians, they are appealing to the people who VOTE. What types of people vote? The Wealthy VOTE. The Christian Conservatives VOTE. Senior Citizens VOTE.

So what issues do you often hear the politicians rant about in their political spills? Medicare, Social Security, affordable drugs from Seniors, Tax Cuts for Businesses, and issues like Christian Family Values and restrictions on things like Abortion.

Politicians like any other sales people are selling to their targeted audiences. If you aren't buying the product (in this case, voting) then your "say" is not as significant as those who are.

There have been a couple of "anti-politicians" that have broken the mold. In 2000 there was consumer advocate, author, and Green Party candidate Ralph Nader who ran on the core values of his party and delivered speeches on places like college campuses where he could be heard. The

## In Short

### SUICIDE AND IT'S AFTERMATH (continued)

anyways. What did they have to be sorry about, it was my dad who blew himself away and left us to deal with all this grief. He took a permanent way out to a temporary problem he had. What a fucking chicken shit. What a fucking cop out. So they buried him. And I stood there until they lowered him into the ground. I had to because I couldn't believe he was really gone. I just knew it was a big joke and that he would get up at any time and come home with us. But they started tossing dirt on the casket and still, no dad. He never got up again.

It will be 15 years in October since my dad killed himself. Some days are better than others. By now I've just learned to hide it well. To lock up all this anger I feel. But what bothers me the most now is that I can't remember things. I used to be able to close my eyes and picture him but now a picture is what I need to see him. I can't close my eyes anymore and remember his features, his smile. I can't remember the way he smells or sounds or the way he used to laugh. I can't remember shit. I think that is what kills me the most. Little by little he is fading away.

It's funny how people can't imagine how a suicide can change someone's life. It did mine. I went from a straight A student, a virgin, a non-smoker, non drug addict to all of the above. My dad took his life and the one I knew with him that day he pulled the trigger. And left me with no understanding of why, no closure.

sure. You never have closure. I still don't.

that I have been through all these years. I am stronger than he was. And when I look at my babies, I realize that I could never put them through what he put me through. I love them too much. So does that mean that he didn't love us? No, he just didn't love himself. And to tell you the truth, I don't feel sorry for him anymore because he has missed out on so much. He didn't get to see me grow. He didn't get to give me away. He doesn't ever get to enjoy the beautiful lives I've brought into this world.

So I bet you are thinking, that is only one suicide. She said she went through it twice. Yes, there is another one. But this time it is my mother's father.

At least I can say I survived 15 years of self destruction. And there were many times I wanted to do as he did and take my own life. But why be what I hate, HIM. Why leave everyone to go through all

When I got the call that my grandfather committed suicide and that I needed to come was lost July. So I went to find my

(Continued on page 12)

In Poetry

glimpse  
Queen of the Leeches

-finds me  
as a child  
standing under the sprinkler  
storing of the spectrum

-Smells me  
the moment  
I look down  
I look away  
-Hooks me...

Visible on my body

-Bleeds me

who's claiming who

twirling 'till it beads...  
off of  
my  
skin

-Oleto joy

Highly Recommended (continued)





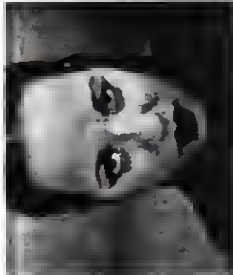
## In Music

### Highly Recommended

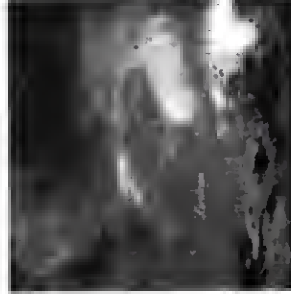
#### Kondote:

I'm going to have to agree with the idea of a mixed cd (or tape). Compilations are always great for all your traveling ventures. Variety is the spice of life, right? Here's how to make the perfect road trip comp.

-Be sure to include at least one song each person can connect with. Target the individuals. "I knew you'd appreciate this, Cherry."



-Find "sing-a-long" songs. You know everyone knows them, usually radio-pop-top 40 hits.



-Then, when no one is looking sneak in your own personal favorites. Make them learn all the words and beg for a burn of the cd just for those songs.

Featured songs on my own tour compilation:

**The Infinite X's- "Welcome to the Show"** from their self-titled album (2001, Chainsaw). Get ready to rock n' roll. Nothing inspires good times on the road like girls doing it their way, at least not for this traveler.

**Mary J. Blige- "Family Affair"** from her album "No More Drama" (2001, MCA).

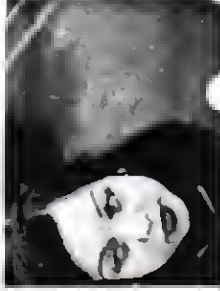
This Dr. Dre production will have your car swaying in no time. Buckle your seat belts and get ready to shake those restrained asses.

**Sleater-Kinney- "You're No Rock N' Roll Fun"** from the album "All Hands On The Bad One" (2000, KRS). Forget all the boys in the band, the girls really know how to get down!

**The Go-Go's- "We Got The Beat"** from the album "Beauty and the Beat" (1981, IRS). Girls. Girls on the road. Girls who like to party.

Girls who rock. No idea how this song squirmed it's way onto this comp.

**Jaglet- "K.O.C.K. Rock"** from the



album "Are We Okay?" (2002, mini-binge productions). I know. Let's put our own music on and be a bunch of narcissistic freaks. Yeah. That's us. Not really, *that never happens*. Right ladies? But hey, why not? It's our theme song!

So, this is K.L.O.C.K. rock. We cherish our time on the road together and music is a huge part of that time. Thanks for reading.

Happy trails to you...

-Kandace allstar

## In Poetry

### The Day I turned My T.V. into a Fish Tank

"The five-o'clock oction, meet us of eleven  
You hear it first, live on the scene..."

Show me the blood, guts and gore  
Tell me how much, I want some more!

Show me the whore who was murdered in the night  
No worry to you good girls, you'll be all right

Show me her dress, ripped-up and bruised  
Make sure to tell everyone that she had tattoos

"I need to change the channel!"  
We shouldn't feel bad for the life that's been lost  
We've got a story, and without cost!

Who knows? She may have some friends, so blurry up her face  
A dead girl without a name doesn't have much of a case

Show me a composite sketch, which looks like every man  
Then bring on a cop to tell us he's "doing all that he can."

"Show me a woman who isn't a victim!"

Show me that someone really socked it to her  
I'll show you a news program with one less viewer

-Christino Pearson

## In Poetry

### NERVOUS

I'm in a doze,  
Can't see through the haze,  
Is this a foze?  
I feel the croze.

My head is spinning,  
I feel like sinning,  
Is this the beginning,  
I'm tired of losing; what happened to winning.

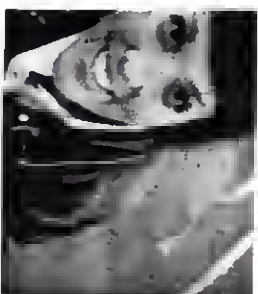
Can't stop from crying,  
I feel like dying!  
I'm tired of COMPLYING,  
Not even worth trying.

Can anyone see?  
Is this the way it's to be?  
I just wanna be free,  
Someone please, UNDERSTAND ME!

So many thoughts run through my head,  
I feel trapped, got myself in a bind,  
There was a time when I loved him more than anything in life,  
Now it's to the point where I try my damndest to survive another night,

## Highly Recommended (continued)

necessary to write about. Petro's violin is intoxicating, and makes me



wish I had never given those lessons up. Some favorites on this album are "Raine", "Zodiac" (Jugler is very in tune with their horoscopes), and "She Looks At Me". I will never forget the steady build in the Bronx, as *Raine* slowly ascended to the entire truck screaming, "she made me sick inside, with all her chitter chat".

The trip is one I will never forget and that dog will forever be a reminder of what a blast we had! Rock n' Roll Forever!



that dog.

Oleto:

[For those of you, who know Oleto, you know this statement to be profound and true in it's simplicity.]

It depends on my mood.

[Note: On one of my favorite mixes, Oleto included Morrie Osmond's "Which Way You Going, Billy?" right along with the Cocteau Twins and Poe. She's an enigma.]

Cherry:

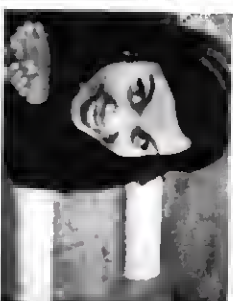
[The most prompt reply to my question, written on an Almond Tree nophon]

Oh man! Do I have to pick an entire album? Ok, fine. I choose the compilation album that I made for our road trip.

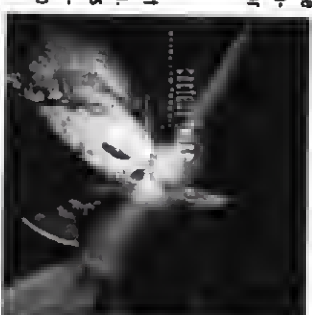
My all time #1 favorite song on it was "Sky Flying By" by Samiam. (See, 1991 *New Red Archives*) This is the most amazing song; I absolutely love it! It makes me want to

rock out like Emilio Estevez in "The Breakfast Club". It makes me soooo happy. The girls (who'd never heard the song before, except Lisa) were singing all the words by the end of our weeklong tour.

Other honorable road trip mentions... Bikini Kill's "Rebel Girl", Dapche Mode's "Behind the Wheel/Route 66" mix, and The Primitives' "Crash".



Rock on.



## In Music

### Highly Recommended

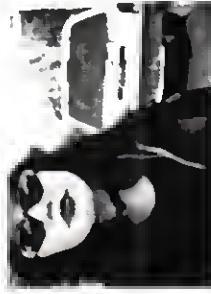
Summer vacation is here. It's time to escape the Valley's wretched heat and head for the cool breeze and breaking waves of the coast. Road trip! Grab a couple of your best friends, a bottle of Captain Morgan, fill up the tank, and drive. Oh, and one more thing, be sure to find the appropriate soundtrack for the adventure that awaits you and your comrades. We all have our favorites and so do our friends. So, I decided to ask my better fifths, what their essential road trip albums were. Here's what we came up with...

Hit the road Jagger...

#### Kelly:

All time road trip music is The Red Hot Chili Peppers- The Uplift Mofo Party Plan.

This is the CD that you pop in when



the coffee has begun to not make a damn difference, all of your passengers have passed out, and you are



hallucinating soil boots floating in and amongst the cars on the super highway...and for some reason you can't pull over and shut those blood shot eyes for blessed sleep.

This is for your own safety to put this on, unless you are Cherry who unless she has heard the music a MILLION times will make her sleepy. How this CD can make one sleepy I have no idea, but I love her anyway. The songs are short, spastic, and rap ?/sing/?/shout? about skinny sweaty men inoooo green suits, partying on <ahem>, and fighting like a brawl! It's the kind of music you bounce up and down to your seat and pound the steering wheel. If you are lucky, your fellow comrades in the car will awaken and begin singing/shouting along with you, bouncing the car like there is some fierce wind storm outside. This CD has saved my life more than once, and brings back the memories of the summer I blew my entire trust fund on road trips.

P.S.

Special Secret Song inside (Track 8) is not for the demure, easily offended, or those with little humor about singing about female genitalia

Liiso:

Don't let the cover fool you, this is one of the all-time greatest album[s] to take in [your] car for a road trip. Open the cover and you will find this child not screaming from horror, but laughing with her friends and being silly.

My pick from the Jagger road trip would have to be the self-titled album from *that dog*, released in 1994 on DGC. This L.A. group are no strangers to music, Anne Wronker (vocals/guitar) is daughter of of record producer and Warner Brothers Records label-head Lenny Wronker, and Rachel Haden (bass) and Patto Haden (violin) are daughters of jazz boss player/composer Charlie Haden. This group has long been one of my favorites and proved well on a road trip with five girls.

The band's quirky and catchy surging songs will quickly capture your heart with their tales of young love and lust, and anything else they feel

## In Poetry

I wish in o way I could just be free,  
I want it all to go back to the way it used to be,  
To feel whole again; to have my FUCKING SANITY.

-Gorbeony

### THE THINGS I FORGOT TO SAY FOR THE MAN IO ( u know who u are)

The things I forgot to say,  
They hurt to carry each day,  
Memories of so long ago,  
Dreams I dream but will never know,  
A smile turns to a frown,  
I cry so much I could drown,  
Screaming but no one will hear,  
Only praying that you were near,  
Right now I need you more than ever,  
But every time I ask the answer is never,  
And I'm tired of dying inside,  
So much for holding onto my pride,  
All I know is I can't run anymore,  
I'm so tired of picking myself up off of the floor,  
The things I forgot to say,  
The love that continues to stay,  
God PLEASE don't keep him away,  
For him I live each day.

-Gorbeony

## In Poetry

### Identity

This was the death of me

this pen, this paper.

What am I?

Fool, scoundrel, wastrel.

I am nothing so large

as a crow,

flying into the sky

after feasting

on grain

and bugs.

-M. Delta

### Gambling

The old man

*Toss the dice!*

found his end,

*Snake eyes!*

but could not

*What? Lost again?*

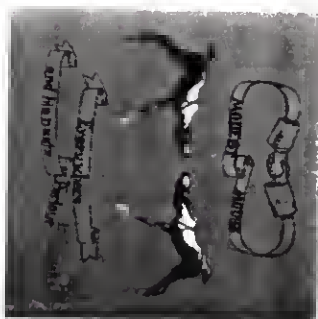
see his way

*Here am I.*

out.

-M. Delta

## Interview with Katie Proietti



go to Montana?

K: I hope so. I mean, it's something I've done so long, I don't see myself not doing it.

T: You don't think you would have a better chance at playing tennis professionally?

K: I definitely would.

T: Because you are so young and you are already so good...

K: There are so many other levels of tennis. You can just keep playing forever. Basketball, there just seems to be a short amount of time that you can do your best.

T: Do you like Merced?

K: Yeah, I like it... it's a good place.

T: Are you going to keep playing tennis when you

T: When did you start playing tennis?

K: When I was seven.

T: Have you always lived in Merced?

K: Yes.



T: A lot of people hate it. I don't hate it at all; I just want a change for a little bit.

T: Well that's cool, and I wish you all the luck.

K: Thank you.





## Interview with Katie Proietti



Interview with  
Katie Proietti  
By Ted Munoz

**Ted:** Basically the first question is, why Montono?

**Katie:** I kind of wanted something different. I knew if I stayed here or at Davis it would be too close to home.

Merced is sending off one of [its] best and brightest stars, Katie Proietti, who is an amazing athlete, student and well-rounded person. Katie will be heading off to become a Bobcat for Montono State where she will be trading in familiar faces to explore and excel in a completely new environment. She is a recent graduate and valedictorian for Merced High School and received a full ride to the University on her amazing basketball playing talents. If her post record is any indication, she will indeed excel.

I'd be pretty much doing the same stuff and I don't know if that's good or bad or whatever, but I just kind of wanted a change.

**T:** Do you want to go out on your own?

**K:** Yeah, I just want to be in a different part, like Montona is a different part of the country for sure. I want to see what else is out there.

**T:** You said before that you had been singing as for

as you can remember?

**K:** Yeah.

**T:** Did you ever think about getting in a band?

**K:** I never thought about it. Well, actually, I don't know. I never had an opportunity to do so. I'm sure if that came along, then I would.

**T:** What kind of music do you like?

**K:** I like all kinds of music.

**T:-** What's in your car right now?

**K:** Modest Mouse.

**T:** Modest Mouse?

**K:** Yeah. My friend got me to listen to it. So I just like a lot of kinds of music.

**T:** You said [that you sang] for that Pageant? Was that a pageant?

## In Poetry a poem By stumptrin

sitting here on a still Friday night

one of those where

there seems to be on

endless fight

my mind has wondered

just a little to for

from the lost gloss of wine

to try to drive my car

I sit here and ponder

many a day gone by

the loves I had

mon how time flies

I just sit and think of what

could have come

If I'd just keep my snoring nose out of the wine

too many moldens I have lost

myself my journey

has only been wrought

with the turmoil and pain

tried to seconded guess my own inner thought

so I sit here before you once again

a man and a heart

trying to think think of....well.... shift

just where do I start

so I started from the beginning

contacting you

the place where I knew

I truly did start

the place I once knew I did have a heart  
so a little dreary from too much cheap  
wine

I sit here and type my story to a rhythmic  
col time

maybe you can't hear it quite yet

this man has come over the sands of time  
drug through the dessert just one too  
many time

so do I sit and lay in wait

no my dear

I've too much burring hostie

my desirous delirium to

write, play, and seal my fate

is so darn near

I don't feel safe

when and where I play

for the first time

is the question to me that I can not rhyme

again my friend from here I must depart

from the very place

this one true mood did start

so I won't be thank you much to bind

for the bother and the purpose

of this great rhyme

hopefully we others will mind

my meek rambling and a little

vision into my mind

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